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## An Infant Terrible of a Piano.

From "Les Soirées de l'Orchestre" of HECTOR BERLIOZ.\*

THURSDAY, JULY 23.—I cannot help laughing all this morning at an accident which befell M. Erard, and with which the whole quarter where the Conservatory stands is amused. Here is the fact in all its simplicity.

The examinations at the Conservatory commenced last week. The first day, M. Auber decided to take the bull by the horns, as they say, and examine the piano classes. The brave jury charged with hearing the candidates learned without apparent emotion, that there were thirty-one in number, eighteen women and thirteen men. The piece chosen for the examination was the Concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn. Unless an attack of apoplexy should prostrate one of the candidates during the performance, the concerto would have to be played thirty-one times in succession, they knew that. But what perhaps you do not know and what I am still ignorant of, not having the temerity to assist at this experiment, is what was related to me this morning by one of the boys of the Conservatory class. "Ah! poor M. Erard!" said he, "what a misfortune!" "Erard! what has happened to him?" "What! then you were not at the piano examination?" "No indeed! what happened?" "Fancy, Mr. Erard had the kindness to lend us, for this occasion, a magnificent piano, which he had just finished, and which he counted upon sending to London, for the Universal Exposition of 1851. It is for you to say if he was pleased with it. A wonderful tone, a bass such as was never before heard; in fact, an extraordinary instrument. The piano was only a little hard, but that was the reason he sent it to us. M. Erard was cunning, and said to himself: the thirty-one pupils, by force of hammering at that concerto, will enliven the touch of this piano, and that cannot but do it good. But he did not know, poor man, in what a terrible way his piano would be enlivened—a concerto executed thirty-one times in succession, the same day! Who could calculate the result of such a repetition? The first pupil came forward and found the piano a little hard. The second, *idem*. The resistance was not so great to the third, and still less to the fifth. I do not know how the sixth found it. At the moment he came forward, it happened that I had to go for a bottle of ether for one of the gentlemen of the jury, who felt sick. The seventh had finished when I returned, and I heard him say, in coming behind the scenes: 'That piano is not as hard as they say; on the contrary, I think it is excellent, perfect in all respects.' The ten or twelve others were of the same opinion; the last ones even asserted, that, instead of being too hard to the touch, it was too easy.

"About a quarter to three, we had arrived at number twenty-six; they had commenced at ten o'clock; it was the turn of Mlle. Hermance Lévy, who hates hard pianos. Nothing could have been more favorable for her; each one said now

that the keyboard could not be touched without making it speak. Thus she carried through the concerto so nicely, that she clearly obtained the first prize. When I say clearly, it is not exactly so; she shared it with Mesdemoiselles Vidal and Roux. These two young ladies also profited by the advantage which the easy touch of the piano gave them; so easy, that the keys commenced to move themselves, merely by being breathed upon. Did any one ever see such a piano? At the time of hearing number twenty-nine, I was once more obliged to go out and seek a physician; another of the jurors became very red, and it was necessary that he should be bled instantly. Ah, the piano examination is no joke! And, when the physician came it was only just time. When I reentered the lobby of the theatre, I saw number twenty-nine coming out—little Planté—he was very pale and trembled from head to foot, saying: 'I don't know what ails the piano, but the keys move all alone: one would think there was some one inside, moving the hammers. I am afraid.'

'Go away then, you are stupid,' said little Cohen, three years older than he. 'Let me pass. I am not afraid.' Cohen (number thirty) came in; he sat down without looking at the keys, played the concerto very well, but after the last chords, just as he was rising, the piano recommenced the concerto quite alone! The poor young man was brave, but after standing petrified an instant, he started off as fast as his legs would carry him. From this moment, the piano went on its way (the sound always increasing) playing scales, trills, arpeggios.

"The public seeing no one near the instrument, and hearing it sounding ten times louder than before, moved about all over the house, some laughing, others beginning to be frightened, everybody in such a state of excitement as you may imagine. But one juror in the back of the box, not seeing the performance, believed that M. Cohen had recommenced the concerto, and screamed out: 'Enough! enough, stop! Let number thirty-one, the last one, commence.' We had to call to him from the theatre: 'Sir, nobody is playing; it is the piano which has got the habit of playing the Concerto of Mendelssohn, and executes it quite alone.' 'But this is dreadful. Send for M. Erard. He will perhaps be able to conquer this frightful instrument!'

"We sent for M. Erard. During all this time, the piano, which had finished the Concerto, had not failed to begin again at once, without losing a minute, and with always increasing force; one would have said there were four dozen pianos in unison. There were scales, tremolos, parts in sixths and thirds redoubled in octaves, chords of ten notes, triple trills, a perfect avalanche of sound.

"M. Erard came he no longer recognized the piano. He sent for holy water, which he threw on it; there was no effect, a proof that there was no witchcraft about it, and that it was a natural effect of the thirty performances of the

same concerto. They took down the instrument; took out the keyboard; the keys kept on moving; they threw it in the middle of the court of the Garde Meuble, when M. Erard had it chopped in pieces with an axe. Well, this was still worse; each morsel jumped, danced, frisked, from side to side, over the pavement, over our feet, against the wall, everywhere, until the locksmith of the Garde Meuble collected an armful of this enraged mechanism, and threw it in the fire of his forge, to end it. Poor M. Erard! such a beautiful instrument! That affair almost broke our hearts. But what was to be done? There was only this way of delivering ourselves from it.

Thus a concerto played thirty times in succession, in the same room, the same day, was the means of the piano getting the habit of playing it. M. Mendelssohn could not complain that his music was not played; but you see the consequences.

## Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Härtel.

BY OTTO JAHN.

(Continued from page 395.)

After what has been said, it will easily be understood that there is immeasurably more hesitation among composers than among literary men in bringing out editions of their complete works. The purely material question of space is a question of no slight weight. Notes require a large-sized page, and only very few of the persons who cultivate music are prepared for a long series of folios; yet it would scarcely be possible to do without such a series, for most of the great composers were very prolific, and volumes multiply rapidly in cases where scores are concerned. Scores are, generally, a stumbling-block. Among amateurs, there are not too many so thoroughly educated as to be able to derive pleasure from them—nay, it is said that there are even learned musicians who have no liking and no aptitude for availing themselves of scores—and yet they will always constitute the principal stock of masters of importance, and accommodating arrangements of them be only partially available. This is another proof of the great dissimilarity inherent to the very varied interests of the musical public, the different sections of which do not all derive equal satisfaction from such collections; this, it is true, holds good in literature as well. There is no doubt that whoever now-a-days reads Lessing earnestly, will like not only *Nathan* and *Minna von Barnhelm*, but draw, with as much pleasure, recreation and strength from the *Dramaturgy*, the *Antiquarian Letters*, and the writings on *Theology* and *Freemasonry*; all this, however, is quite different with Herder. If, in the case of Schiller, poems and dramas sufficiently compensate those readers who take no delight in the philosophical works, it becomes a matter of doubt whether the comprehensiveness and variety of Goethe did not prove impediments to his achieving similar popularity, and whether a division of his works into various categories would not be attended with a highly advantageous result. Far greater and practically important is the diversity exhibited by most leading composers. Certainly, were the collected—we can scarcely say—works of Hüntten, Ch. Voss and

\* Translated for this Journal by Mrs. H. A. VAN ARSDALE.

Oesten, published, we should not have to complain of versatility; but this is not so with the masters who have proved their greatness by the greatness of what they did; the church, the stage, the music of the concert-room and that of the house, presented each of them with tasks of the most varied kinds, and not interesting equally the same public, which was frequently the smaller in proportion as the publication of the works was more expensive.

There is another circumstance no less beset with difficulties. Among the reading public, there has sprung up almost universally an historical interest, vividly displayed in studying the development of literature generally, as well as, more especially, the gradual progress made by particular authors; youthful essays; first plans; fresh versions; and, in a word, things which do not so much afford absolute enjoyment as promote a more intimate knowledge of the process of mental productivity and labor, excite even in large circles an active interest, which, like all historical investigation and knowledge, demands, of necessity, to be extended and perfected. It is true that an historical interest of this description has, for some time, reigned in musical circles likewise, but it is infinitely rarer in the latter than in literary circles. Little interest of this description, however, is evinced not only by the listening public, who demand from music, if not a mere means of passing their time, at any rate, no more than an immediate sensation, as well as by amateurs who sing and play themselves, and the great mass of whom are equally limited both in their wishes and powers, but, as a rule, even by musicians. The fact of entering upon a system of historical treatment presupposes not merely a certain amount of acquisitions, but, also, the deliberate intention of viewing a work of art in another light than that of mere enjoyment, and further, the capability of disregarding, at least partially, customary forms, without, in either case, weakening one's susceptibility for what is really musical and artistic—demands not easily satisfied, especially in this department of art. If, therefore, any great consideration were paid to this historical interest in publishing a collection of the works of even eminent composers, such a collection would be scarcely possible. An edition of Gluck's collected works—to say nothing of Hasse, Graun, and others—is something hardly conceivable, however interesting and important it might be to follow up the development of a man of a reforming mind in the compositions written at various periods of his life, and, from works composed at different times and for different purposes, to decide his position with relation to the manifold demands of his day and of his vocation; at present, those works of Gluck which are known, and which generally serve as the foundation for the notion people form of him, belong to one class only. If Gluck's labors, confined, as they were, nearly exclusively to opera, be surrounded with difficulties, such difficulties would be rather increased in the case of other masters by the latter's versatility. Joseph Haydn's popularity reposes upon the works of the last twenty years of his long life; we are acquainted more especially with the Haydn after Mozart: the struggling Haydn, the Haydn who freed and built up instrumental music, is as good as forgotten, if we leave out of consideration a number of his Quartets; what he did in the way of sacred music is imperfectly known, and what he produced as an operatic composer has never been known at all. But if we succeeded in collecting the 119 Symphonies which he himself noted down in an autographic list "of compositions which, for the nonce, he remembered having composed from his eighteenth to his seventy-third year inclusive;" the 163 pieces for the Viola di Bordone, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy's favorite instrument, the innumerable Cassations, Divertissements, Nocturnes, Scherzandi, Fantasias, Concertos, Sonatas, &c., for a greater or less number of instruments, 18 Italian Operas, with several German ones, and, finally, his various compositions for the Church, who would ever deem it possible to find a public of purchasers for such a collection? However great the circulation attained by numerous works

of his of nearly every kind; however wide-spread and profound their influence; and however general their popularity, even at the present day, were anyone to think of collecting, in one edition, all the 626 works contained in Köchel's model catalogue, a number of amateurs and collectors might be found to purchase it, but scarcely a public. Nor is Mozart's case different. However fine and important may be, also, a considerable number of the works of Mozart, works hitherto either not made known at all, or mutilated and disfigured; however great and just the interest which most of them excite, in so far as they exhibit the development of his powers, and, at the same time, the nature of the musical productions of the period, it is, beyond a doubt, principally the historical interest which finds satisfaction in the many operatic, sacred, and instrumental compositions of the Vienna period, and this is not the sort of interest felt by the musical public at large.

There is, consequently, not much to be reported about editions of the collected works of celebrated composers. Such an edition of Hasse's operas was to have been published at the expense of the Elector of Saxony; but at the bombardment of Dresden, in 1760, the whole of the manuscript, which was quite ready for the press, was burnt. At the suggestion, and with the assistance of Duke Charles of Wurtemberg, a *Recueil des operas composés par Nicolas Jomelli à la cour du serenissime duc de Wurtemberg*, was commenced, but was not carried out beyond the first volume, which contained the *Olimpiade*. Greater progress was made by the collective edition of Handel's works, begun by Arnold, at the instance of George III., in 1786. Thirty-six volumes appeared, but this edition, like the rest, was never completed.

These enterprises would hardly have been commenced, but for the prospect of princely munificence being exerted in their favor. When, after his death, the publishing house of Breitkopf and Hartel announced an edition of Mozart's works, they had not the slightest intention of publishing all of them; the *Oeuvres complètes* really comprised only those pianoforte and vocal compositions which interested the majority of the musical public; the Pianoforte Concertos formed a series of their own, while the sacred and the operatic music, again, appeared apart, without any importance being attached to completeness or uniformity in the various publications. This collection was quickly followed up by an edition, carried out in the same spirit, of the collected works of Haydn; and those green and red volumes, which attained such a circulation as had previously never been known, exerted upon musical progress in Germany an almost incalculable influence. The reason is, that they made this capital of German house-music common property; they afforded healthy nourishment to the practice of music which was penetrating more and more among all classes of the people; they became the ever stable foundation of musical education; and contributed most materially to create a community of musical feeling. By their resemblance to Anthologies or Chrestomathies, a resemblance they shared with many *Oeuvres*, which followed them, of Dom. Searlatti, Clementi, etc., they certainly exerted a deeper and more permanent influence upon the age in which they appeared, than could then have been exerted by collective editions, properly so called, and carried out in an historico-philological spirit.

The idea of issuing an edition of Handel's works, really based upon completeness and authenticity, was conceived by a Society of musical amateurs in England. From 1844 to 1853, they published fourteen volumes, got up with all the English splendor; but, since then, the undertaking has come to a standstill, apparently forever.

The fundamental notion of this Society was taken up in Germany, first by the Bach Society, which was founded in 1850, a hundred years after Bach's death, and announced as its object the publication of a complete critical edition of all the works written by Joh. Seb. Bach, as a monument to so great a composer. Entering into detail with regard to the mode in which

their project was to be executed, they said: "All such of Bach's works as, by certain tradition and critical investigation, can be proved to emanate from him, will be admitted into this edition. In every instance, the original manuscript, or the printed copy sanctioned by the composer himself, will, if possible, be taken as a guide, and, if not, the best available resources, for giving the public the work in its current form as authenticated by critically tested tradition. Nothing like arbitrariness in altering, omitting, or adding, will be permitted." Eight years afterwards, the Bach Society was followed by the German Handel Society, which, founded on a similar plan, and governed by similar principles, has undertaken to publish the collected works of Handel. By the admirable manner in which they have been got up—at the establishment of Breitkopf and Härtel—and by the critical care, greater than that ever previously known in any instance of the kind, which has been bestowed upon them, to ensure a trustworthy and correct text, a stately series of volumes, regularly issued up to the present date by both Societies, proves in what a serious and lofty spirit the undertakings are conducted, and justifies the hope that the persons concerned will steadily go on with them to completion.

Bach and Handel possess, indisputably, an especial right to have their collected works preserved, in all their purity and authenticity, and rendered universally acceptable for all times, since, owing to the spirit in which they were conceived, and the art with which they were carried out, those works are essentially monumental. They not only afford remarkable testimony of what great and beautiful things eminent individuals were, at a given period, capable of producing, but they lay claim to an absolute value, which—independent of the age that gave them birth as well as of the age that is now intent upon republishing and enjoying them—forms an inalienable quality of the loftiest creations of human art. Different as the two masters are, and astounding as is the rich fertility of their productive powers in various ways, we shall find scarcely a single work that does not, by its novelty and originality, excite an independent interest of some kind or other; display the composer in a new light; or organically unfold the very essence of art, and present us with perfection itself. The lofty and great spirit which pervades all these works, and, seriously and vigorously, admonishes the hearer to soar into the ideal regions of genuine art, will secure for them a lasting and profound influence on all those for whom music is a real inward necessity, while that no artist, be he a master or a disciple, has ever exhausted the study of Bach and Handel, is a fact which must not be questioned even by the admirers of "surmounted points of view."

Of late years, zealous and gratifying efforts have been made, by public performances of every description, and by naturalizing them in the narrower circles of household music, to render the vocal and instrumental compositions of Bach and Handel accessible and known to everyone—to promote, in every way, the comprehension, and, with it, the true enjoyment of them. That composers, who in their works bestowed so little thought upon dilettanti, should present no slight difficulties to a public consisting essentially of dilettanti, may easily be supposed. Many and many a requisite for the complete comprehension and enjoyment of their works will have to be acquired by artificial means; for however much the two were raised above their age, in that age were both the base and the point of departure for their ideas. It will not, therefore, be invariably possible to avoid going back to these, if we would attain perfect comprehension of conception and form; though, on account of the composer's universal significance and grandeur, this may be achieved without any very great exertion or difficult preparations, supposing always the existence of real musical talent and a serious feeling for art. The publications of the Bach and Handel Societies are the more effective in thus popularizing their composers, from the fact that both Societies are either the first to publish the greater



portion of their immortal works at all, or at any rate, the first to give them to the world correct and undistorted, as the composers wrote them. People are only beginning to learn what a treasure there was here, now that the treasure is being dug up for them, and many generations will have plenty to do in employing it best for the true development of art. The organization of the two Societies proves, however, that neither Bach nor Handel is yet sufficiently popular to enable the Societies, in their publications, to reckon upon the general mass of the musical public, and it was, therefore, necessary to consult the taste of artists, amateurs, and collectors. As we are all aware, every member of the Societies pays a certain annual subscription, and the sum total of such subscriptions is expended in publishing. Of the works which the Societies are thus placed in a position to print every year, each member receives a copy. In all this, there is nothing like publishing speculation; no regard is paid to the public outside the Societies; and the partial acquisition of one or more volumes is not permitted. It was only by keeping strictly in view the principal object, namely: to publish the collected works in a critically correct form, and to secure the possession and enjoyment of them for future generations, that the purpose of the Societies could be carried out at all. To the zeal of artists and the activity of trade we may confidently leave the task of coining the bars of precious metal here presented us; of satisfying, by editions of detached portions, pianoforte arrangements, and separate parts, the wants of individuals; and of propagating and introducing to the public piecemeal what it is not so easy to circulate as a whole; indeed, not a little has been effected in this way already. It is a royal palace which the Bach and Handel Societies have undertaken; the carters will have plenty to do in the conveyance of materials.

From what we have said, our readers will perceive it is quite another thing when the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel announce an edition of all Beethoven's collected works as a business speculation, which, without anything like extraordinary support or favor, and despite immense competition, appeals entirely to the wants and sympathies of the great mass of the musical public, whom it promises worthily to satisfy. Just let the reader recollect that Beethoven's works are already in the hands of the public—those still unprinted would not incline the scale much; that the compositions which command the attention of the masses circulate everywhere in numerous editions, contenting both just and immoderate expectations; and that now there appears a collective edition comprising everything, great and small works, popular and forgotten, thankful and unthankful ones, edited in conformity with the strictest requirements of scientific criticism; splendidly got up; and sent forth under conditions presupposing and rendering possible a widespread co-operation on the part of the musical public. There is one fact which, above all others, is proved by this, namely that, at the present day, Beethoven enlists the sympathies of the entire musical public far more than all other composers, and, on that account, rules the musical market. It may, perhaps, be difficult to obtain exact and reliable statistical returns of the sale and circulation of musical productions; but one thing is certain beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that is: no composer, either classical or fashionable, can be, in the most remote degree, compared with Beethoven as far as regards the continuous and extraordinarily increasing sale of his works. It is, indeed, even asserted that if the entire number of Beethoven's compositions which pass through the hands of the music-trade in any one year were placed in one scale and all other musical works published in the same year were laid in the other, the scales might possibly tremble, but that Beethoven-alone would balance all the rest. As may be supposed, it is the compositions and arrangements for pianoforte which produce this result, for some of them are circulated in incredible numbers; that this sovereign sway, however, exerted over the musical public of all classes and creeds is no transient and fash-

ionable caprice of dilettante-ism, but a gratifying proof how deeply and how generally a feeling for, and an interest in, genuine and lofty art are already spread among us, is a fact to which testimony is borne by the new collective edition. For a great artist to enjoy such universal respect, and for his works to exercise so immediate and vivid an influence that a collective edition undertaken with care and earnestness, and, in every way, thoroughly and worthily carried out, shall be joyfully received and supported by the public, is, certainly, a remarkable and unusually pleasing phenomenon. The difficulties besetting on all sides an enterprise of this kind are so great and varied, that it is only the general and continuous co-operation of the public which can supply the courage and power to overcome them and complete the work.

(To be Continued.)

### Mendelssohn's Letters.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, Jan. 1865.)

Letters of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY from 1833 to 1847. Two Volumes. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt.

There are many people who make very little discrimination between one musician and another,—who discern no great gulf between Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, between Rossini and Romberg, between Spohr and Spontini: not in respect of music, but of character; of character in itself, and not as it may develop itself in chaste or florid, sentimental, gay, devotional, or dramatic musical forms. And as yet we have very little help in our efforts to gain insight into the inner nature of our great musical artists. Of Meyerbeer the world knows that he was vain, proud, and fond of money,—but whether he had soul or not we do not know; the profound religiousness of Handel, who spent his best years on second-rate operas, and devoted his declining energies to oratorio, we have to guess at rather than reach by direct disclosure; and till Mr. Thayer shall take away the mantle which yet covers his Beethoven, we shall know but little of the interior nature of that wonderful man. But Mendelssohn now stands before us, disclosed by the most searching of all processes, his own letters to his own friends. And how graceful, how winning, how true, tender, noble is the man! We have not dared to write a notice of these two volumes while we were fresh from their perusal, lest the fascination of that genial, Christian presence should lead us into the same frame which prompted not only the rhapsodies of "Charles Auchester," but the same passionate admiration which all England felt, while Mendelssohn lived, and which Elizabeth Sheppard shared, not led. We lay down these volumes after the third perusal, blessing God for the rich gift of such a life,—a life, sweet, gentle, calm, nowise intense nor passionate, yet swift, stirring and laborious even to the point of morbidness. A Christian without cant; a friend, not clinging to a few and rejecting the many, nor diffusing his love over the many with no dominating affection for a few near ones, but loving his own with a tenacity almost unparalleled, yet reaching out a free, generous sympathy and kindly devotion even to the hundreds who could give him nothing but their love. It is thought that his grief over his sister Fanny was the occasion of the rupture of a blood-vessel in his head, and that it was the proximate cause of his own death; and yet he who loved with this idolatrous affection gave his hand to many whose names he hardly knew. The reader will not overlook, in the second series of letters, the plea in behalf of an old Swiss guide for remembrance in "Murray," nor that long letter to Mr. Simrock, the music-publisher, enjoining the utmost secrecy, and then urging the claims of a man whom he was most desirous to help.

The letters from Italy and Switzerland were written during the two years with which he prefaced his quarter-century of labor as composer, director, and virtuoso. They relate much to Italian painting, the music of Passion Week, Swiss scenery, his stay with Goethe, and his brilliant reception in England on his return. They disclose a youth of glorious promise.

The second series does not disappoint that promise. The man is the youth a little less exuberant, a little more mature, but no less buoyant, tender, and loving. The letters are as varied as the claims of one's family differ from those of the outside world, but are always Mendelssohnian,—free, pure, unworldly, yet deep and wise. They continue down to the very close of his life. They are edited by his brother Paul, and another near relative. Yet unauthorized publications of other letters will follow, for Mendelssohn was a prolific letter-writer; and Lampadius, a warm admirer of the composer, has recently announced such a volume. The public may rejoice in this;

for Mendelssohn was not only purity, but good sense itself; he needs no critical editing; and if we may yet have more strictly musical letters from his pen, the influence of the two volumes now under notice will be largely increased.

It is not enough to say of these volumes that they are bright, piquant, genial, affectionate; nor is it enough to speak of their artistic worth, the subtle appreciation of painting in the first series, and of music in the second; it is not enough to refer to the glimpses which they give of eminent artists,—Chopin, Rossini, Donizetti, Hiller, and Moscheles,—nor the side-glances at Thorwaldsen, Bunsen, the late scholarly and art-loving King of Prussia, Schadow, Overbeck, Cornelius, and the Düsseldorf painters; nor is it enough to dwell upon that delightful homage to father and mother, that confiding trust in brother and sisters, that loyalty to friends. The salient feature of these charming books is the unswerving devotion to a great purpose; the careless disregard, nay, the abrupt refusal, of fame, unless it came in an honest channel; the naive modesty that made him wonder, even in the very last years of his life, that he could be the man whose entrance into the crowded halls of London and Birmingham should be the signal of ten minutes' protracted cheering; the refusal to set art over against money; the unwillingness to undertake the mandates of a king, unless with the cordial acquiescence of his artistic conscience; and the immaculate purity, not alone of his life, but of his thought. How he castigates Donizetti's love of money and his sloth! how his whip scourges the immorality of the French opera, and his whole soul abhors the sensuality of that stage! how steadfastly he refuses to undertake the composition of an opera till the faultless libretto for which he patiently waited year after year, could be prepared! We wish our religious societies would cull out a few of the letters of this man and scatter them broadcast over the land: they would indeed be "leaves for the healing of the nations."

There is one lesson which may be learned from Mendelssohn's career, which is exceptionally rare: it is that Providence does sometimes bless a man every way,—giving him all good and no evil. Where shall we look in actual or historic experience to find a parallel to Mendelssohn in this? He had beauty; Chorley says he never looked upon a handsomer face. He had grace and elegance. He spoke four languages with perfect ease, read Greek and Latin with facility, drew skillfully, was familiar with the sciences, and never found himself at a loss with professed naturalists. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families of Germany: his grandfather being Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher; his father, a leading banker; his uncle Bartholdy, a great patron of art in Rome, while he was Prussian minister there; his brother-in-law Hensel, Court painter; both his sisters and his brother Paul occupying leading social positions. He was heir-apparent to a great estate. He was greeted with the applause of England from the outset of his career; "awoke famous," after the production of the "Midsummer Overture," while almost a boy; never had a piece fall short of triumphant success; in fact, so commanding prestige that he could find not one who would rationally blame or criticize him,—a "most wearying" thing, he writes, that every piece he brought out was always "wonderfully fine." He was loved by all and envied by none; the pet and joy of Goethe, who lived to see his expectation of Mendelssohn on the road to ample fulfilment; blessed entirely in his family, "the course of true love" running "smooth" from beginning to end; well, agile, strong; and more than all this, having a childlike religious faith in Christ, and as happy as a child in his piety. His life was cloudless; those checks and compensations with which Providence breaks up others' lot were wanting to his. We never knew any one like him in this, but the childlike, sunny Carl Ritter.

We still lack a biography of Mendelssohn which shall portray him from without, as these volumes do from within. We learn that one is in preparation; and when that is given to the public, one more rich life will be embalmed in the memories of all good men.

We ought not to overlook the unique elegance of these two volumes. Like all the publications of Mr. Leypoldt, they are printed in small, round letter; and the whole appearance is creditable to the publisher's taste. The American edition entirely eclipses the English in this regard. Though not advertised profusely, the merit of these Letters has already given them entrance and welcome into our most cultivated circles; but we bespeak for them a larger audience still; for they are books which our young men, our young women, our pastors, our whole thoughtful and aspiring community, ought to read and circulate.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**Mr. Fry and his Works.**

The obituary notices of WILLIAM HENRY FRY in the last number of your journal, contain but a meagre list of his musical works. Appended is one more full and complete. No composer was ever through life so persecuted and denied a hearing as he; the doors of every opera house in New York, where he lived, having been for twenty years closed against him, through a well-known cause disgraceful to that city. Not a few critics, professional as well as amateur musicians, who heard his two operas in Philadelphia, ranked him not only as the ablest composer this country has produced, but as a musical genius of the first order, not second to Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer. He composed with the utmost fluency. The physician who attended him in his last illness, stated in a communication published in *The World* newspaper, that he was only thirty-two days engaged in composing his last opera, *Notre-Dame of Paris*. He was then suffering with consumption and hemorrhages of the lungs, which diminished his ability to labor continuously. *Notre-Dame*, like his other operas, is a technically "grand opera," that is, sung throughout, the recitatives being accompanied by full orchestra; and is as large a work as *The Huguenots* or *The Prophet*, being, like them, written to display the vast orchestral, choral and scenic resources of the grandest opera houses. Mr. Fry was the first modern composer to write "grand operas" to librettos in the English language, as he had a marked aversion to the style of operas called English—melodramas with interjected musical pieces, vulgar hodge-podges of songs and dialogue.

New York is the only city in the Union where the opera has existed, if not absolutely, at least in some degree, as an institution, which a native composer might reasonably have regarded as possessing resources to produce original works and a public to sustain them through representations enough to reward both manager and composer; and in that city Mr. Fry persistently endeavored to obtain that hearing for his operatic works which was so shamefully denied. The New York opera-going public is, however, not to be censured in the matter. They would have sustained Mr. Fry, had they been allowed to hear his operas, and would have afforded him incentives to produce forty instead of the four he has left. Now that he is dead and gone, now that he is past suffering through the devices of malignant hate, it may be hoped that a hearing will be accorded to the few operatic works he has left. But if the opportune moment be not yet reached, it will assuredly come. The name of William Henry Fry will one day take its place among the world's few great operatic composers, and with his works will live when his foes have passed from earth and the memory of man.

As a writer for the press, as well as a composer, Mr. Fry's faculty of production, when roused to action by an adequate incentive, was something marvellous. He could only write and compose rapidly and seemingly under inspiration, when ideas crowded almost too swiftly for utterance by words or notes. Had he not been driven from the path of musical composition to the less congenial pursuits of politics and journalism which mainly occupied his life, he would probably have left a record as the most prolific composer who ever lived. As it was, with scarcely any opportunities to have his works performed, and consequently almost without stimulus to produce them, he is known to have composed the following; though this list may not be complete, as he was in some things very careless, never numbering his works or keeping any record of all he had produced.

4 Grand Operas: *The Bridal of Dunure*, English libretto; *Aurelia the Vestal*, English libretto, with an Italian version, called *I Cristiani ed I Pagani*; *Leonora*, English libretto, with an Italian version under same title; *Notre-Dame of Paris*, English libretto,

with an Italian version called *Nostra-Donna di Parigi*.

1 Cantata: *The Fall of Warsaw*, for principal singers, chorus and orchestra.

1 *Stabat Mater*, for four principal voices, chorus and orchestra.

1 Hallelujah Chorus, with orchestral accompaniment.

1 *Kyrie Eleison*, chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

1 Mass, complete, (composed at Santa Cruz a few days before his death).

1 *Magnificat*, for three voices with organ accompaniment.

20 Psalms and Hymns for four voices, with organ accompaniment.

1 Grand Scena for Bass Voice: "The Crucifixion."

1 Ode Symphony, for chorus and orchestra, composed for the opening of the New York Crystal Palace.

12 Waltzes for the Piano, called "The Musical Circle Waltzes."

5 Waltzes for the piano.

10 Ballads, Songs, Cavatinas.

12 Quartets for 2 violins, viola and v'cello.

6 Overtures for grand orchestra: *Macbeth*, never played; *Evangeline*, played in New York; and four without titles, played by Philadelphia Philharmonic Society.

4 Symphonies for grand orchestra: *A Day in the Country*; *Childe Harold*; *The Breaking Heart*; *The Christmas Symphony*; played at Jullien's Concerts and Fry's Lectures on Music.

The music illustrating Fry's lectures on music. In 1852 Mr. Fry delivered at Metropolitan Hall in New York—a magnificent building like the Boston Music Hall, with seats for 3,000 persons, afterwards destroyed by fire—a course of 10 lectures on the Science and Art of Music. Probably no course of lectures on any subject, delivered anywhere, was ever illustrated on so vast a scale; the musical illustrations having been given by the principal singers of Mme. Sontag's opera company, a chorus of two hundred and an orchestra of eighty-six. The illustrations of rare and curious music included ancient Greek, Egyptian, Siamese, Chinese, East Indian, mediæval European, &c. Many of the pieces, being melodies only, were harmonized by Mr. Fry for chorus and orchestra; and a number of pieces were also composed by him for the lectures. These lectures, displaying Mr. Fry's vast stores of learning and absolute mastery of the subject in detail, were popular and gave pleasure to thousands of auditors. The audience was particularly delighted when he analyzed the structure of melody, showed how its beauty was derived from the language for which it was composed, showed why Italian melodies were more elegant than others, and, taking native East Indian melodies, probably hundreds of years old, composed to soft Hindoo words, proved them by performance to be not only similar to but almost identical with the loveliest melodies of Bellini and other Italian masters. These lectures were so unique, so comprehensive, so exhaustive of the whole subject, that the annexed syllabus may be regarded as almost a musico-literary curiosity.

LECTURE 1. Introduction to the general subject, —Music. Musical sounds; definitions and characteristics. Music as a language. Its history; its universality. Formation of sounds. Exemplifications vocal and instrumental.

LECTURE 2. Acoustics. Music as a science at different periods and among different nations. Melody and Harmony. Examples of curious Music,—the ancient and the rude. The earliest written choruses. Performance of some remarkable ones by the grand chorus. Simple and scientific music,—the popular and the true meaning of these epithets discussed and illustrated.

LECTURE 3. The Voice. Intonation in speaking and singing distinguished. The different qualities and capacities of the masculine and feminine voice. Exemplifications by the principal vocalists

and chorus. Method and style. Sources of expression.

LECTURE 4. The Ballad.—sentimental and descriptive music. Its variations among different nations. National songs, their distinctive features, poetical and musical. Vocal illustrations, with and without accompaniments.

LECTURE 5. The Orchestra. All the instruments explained; their past and present treatment by composers practically demonstrated by the great orchestra. Sinfonia and overture. Military Music. Illustrations by the military band.

LECTURE 6. Church, Oratorio, and Chamber music. Subjects, meanings and aims of the several species. The organ, piano, harp and guitar. Styles of different composers. Performances of selections from rare, curious and great works.

LECTURE 7. Nature and Progress of Musical Ideas. Similarities in the melodic phraseology of different composers—how far referable to the nature of the art. Improvements in Orchestration, and the general scope of Music. Exposition of the different schools of Music, exemplified in the compositions of old and modern masters. Palestrina, Jomelli, Purcell, Gluck, Handel, Piccini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini and others. The difference between formal and inspired music.

LECTURE 8. The Lyrical Drama. Origin of the Opera. Its progress and peculiarities on the Italian, German, French and English stage. Defects and merits of the Opera in general, as an exponent of dramatic character, passion and action. Selections from various operas illustrative of these topics.

LECTURE 9. The Lyrical Drama continued. Considerations of the fitness of the English language for dramatic Music. Exemplifications in recitatives, arias, etc. The Ballet, its characteristics. Orchestral illustrations of them. General considerations of the proprieties of the lyrical stage. Its traditions, requisite reforms, capabilities and influences.

LECTURE 10. The connection between literature and oratory and music. Music as a part of collegiate education. The national defects of intonation and pronunciation. The connection between music and its public diffusion with the national taste in other arts. Its connection with health and morals—the family circle and society. The dignities and shames of art. The actual relation of the artist to private and public life. His rights under American institutions contrasted with his disparagement under the ancient and feudal system. American Music. The Artistic future.

**Musical Correspondence.**

BERLIN, JAN.—I proposed, in my last, to give you an account of some of the best of the many concerts which can be heard here. Among these the series given by the "Brothers MÜLLER" and ROBERT RADECKE takes a prominent place. Years ago, the original "Brothers Müller" were celebrated as the finest Quartet players in Germany; they were, however, but mortal, and their fame now lives on in a second Quartet of the same name, consisting of the sons of either one or several of the original "Brothers." The playing of the latter is, to me, as near perfection as can well be imagined; but I am told that it does not equal that of the predecessors. Robert Radecke, who joins in the concerts of these gentlemen, is a young pianist of very great merit, whose playing, full of freshness, health, vigor and sentiment, infects the hearer with the spirit the performer throws into it, and carries him away with it in delicious excitement. The wife of the first violinist, Frau Müller Berghaus, varies these concerts by her excellent and really classic singing; it is only a pity that her voice, originally a full, rich, powerful mezzo-soprano, is evidently impaired by ill-health. Her upper notes are often shrill, and even the middle ones are sometimes so veiled that is almost painful to listen to them. The following programmes will show you how worthily all this artistic excellence was employed:

**1st Concert.**

- 1 Quartet (C sharp minor, op. 131).....Beethoven.
- 2 a) Romanza from "Zemire and Azor".....Spohr.
- b) "Am Meer".....Schubert.
- 3 Rondo for Piano (fr. op. 53).....Schubert.
- 4 a) Zuleika.....Mendelssohn.
- b) "Hark, hark, the lark" etc.....Schubert.
- 6 Quintet for Piano and Str. Instr.....Schumann.



- 2nd Concert.
- 1 Quartet (A minor, op. 132).....Beethoven.
  - 2 a) "Thou art like a flower".....Schumann.
  - b) Margaret at the Spinning wheel.....Schubert.
  - 3 March of the "Davidsbündler," for Piano.....Schumann.
  - 4 a Spring Song.....Mendelssohn.
  - b Persian Song.....Rubinstein.
  - c Kinderried.....Taubert.
  - 5 Trio (A flat M.S.).....Radecke.
- 3d Concert.
- 1 Serenade f. V. Va. Cello, op. 8.....Beethoven.
  - 2 a The Fair Maid of Inverness.....Beethoven.
  - b Venetian Gondolier's Song.....Beethoven.
  - 3 Sonata for Piano and Cello, Op. 102, No. 2.....Beethoven.
  - 4 a Persian Song.....Rubinstein.
  - b "Er ist gekommen".....Franz.
  5. Quartet for Piano, etc.....Rubinstein.

Of this rich array a few numbers deserve particular notice. So, for instance, Schumann's Quintet, which I cannot fancy more exquisitely rendered, in all its parts—Always a special favorite with me, its place in my memory is now surrounded by a halo of perfection which no lapse of time will efface. The two Quartets of Beethoven, too, usually considered so incomprehensible, were rendered sources of great enjoyment, by the wonderful clearness with which they were played. Much, of course, still remained dark, (particularly in the second) upon which only very frequent hearing would throw light even to the most profound musician; but the immense difficulties of these compositions were mastered with so little apparent effort, that one seemed almost to be listening to a quartet of Haydn or Mozart. And yet what a contrast was there between these stupendous works, and the Serenade in the third programme! Ah! it was the contrast between the light-hearted youth, with life and hope before him, and the morbid, stricken, lonely man, to whom life had brought so little, and hope had proved so false. The Serenade is charming; full of life and love, of grace and tenderness. It consists of five parts: an Allegro, slow movement, Minuet, Variations and Finale, and is a companion piece to the lovely Sextet for quartet and two horns, which I heard here in Berlin many years ago. I have always regretted its never being produced in America, and can now only advise our artists across the sea to give both it and the Serenade a place in their repertoire. I must not omit to mention that Herr Radecke's Trio placed him in quite as high a rank as a composer, as he occupies as a pianist. It was very original, and will, I am sure, when published, take its place among the favorite compositions of the present day.

A few days ago, I had once more the pleasure of hearing the Müllers in a concert for a benevolent object. They again played Beethoven's Serenade, a lovely Quartet by Haydn, and, with Kapellmeister TAUBERT, Mozart's charming Piano Quartet. Taubert's playing is extremely neat and precise, but it does not warm one; I would have preferred Radecke. Frau Müller Berghaus repeated some of the songs mentioned above. The most beautiful of these was Beethoven's Scotch Song, "The lovely maid of Inverness," which the musical critic of a Berlin daily truly calls tear-laden. A more mournful, heart-seizing song I never heard. Its beauty was enhanced by an *obligato* accompaniment of violin and violoncello, and the sighing of the latter was well suited to the deep sorrow of the song.

A most enjoyable little Trio Soirée was recently given to a select, but very appreciative audience, by three young artists, ARNOLD (Piano), MARX, (Violin), and ZURN ('Cello). The programme contained only three numbers: one of Beethoven's Op. 70 Trios, Mendelssohn's B flat Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, and Schubert's Trio, op. 100. It was this which attracted me, without my knowing anything of the performers. And I was well repaid for going. The pianist was unusually good, and if there was room for improvement in the other players, there was also a fair promise of it.

SIGISMUND BLUMNER, (a brother of Martin Blumner, the second director of the Sing-Akademie in this city) who has been spending some years in England, made his debut here not long ago before an invited

audience. He plays with much brilliancy and power, and will probably take his stand here among the first pianists. OLE BULL has also been renewing his acquaintance with the Berlin public, in a series of concerts given in the Royal Theatre. His playing is said to bear all its old characteristic features. A Fraulein DECKNER, a female violinist from Hungary, and a Herr FRANZ BENDEL, have recently appeared together, and Herr and Frau von BRONSART, pianists, as well as a Herr PEPPER, violoncellist, are very highly spoken of. I reserve for my next letter an account of a concert by CLARA SCHUMANN and STOCKHAUSEN, which I have had the great pleasure of attending; it would go beyond my present limits of time and space. But I cannot keep from your readers the very unpleasant intelligence of an accident which has befallen Madame Schumann. She fell while walking, with her whole weight upon her hand, and sprained her wrist, or arm, so seriously that weeks at least, if not months, must pass before she can again use her hand, and it is even doubtful, according to some accounts, if she will ever regain the full strength of the injured member. She has the warm sympathy of every one, for a greater misfortune could hardly befall her, who has already had so much to struggle with in life. Let us hope that the matter is not as serious as is now feared. M.

NEW YORK, FEB. 27.—The third "Symphonie Soirée of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 18, at Irving Hall. The programme, of which the two main features were new to an American audience, was as follows:

- Symphony, "An das Vaterland" op. 96, D.....Raff.  
 1. Allegro.  
 2. Scherzo—Allegro molto vivace.  
 3. Larghetto.  
 4. Allegro Dramatico.  
 5. Larghetto sostenuto—Allegro deciso Trionfante.  
 Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice" (Orpheus).....Gluck.  
 Miss Adelaide Philipps.  
 Concerto for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, with accompaniment of Orchestra, Op. 56.....Beethoven.  
 Messrs. Mills, Mollenhauer, Bergner and Orchestra.  
 Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa" (Il Barbiere).....Rossini.  
 Miss Adelaide Philipps.  
 Overture, (Jessonda), Op. 63.....Spohr.

The event of the evening was Joachim Raff's Prize Symphony. The work was written by the composer in illustration of the following plan,—printed on the programme by the express wish of the composer:

"Few Germans who have feeling and enthusiasm for their nation, have been left, by the events of these last years, without a deep impression. Although the tone-poet is not brought into contact with certain outer forms of these events, still his soul is filled with lasting impressions, which finally force him to give them an artistic utterance. In this way arose the following series of movements.

"In the first of these, the poet attempted to describe the lofty flight of the mind, deep power of thought, purity and gentleness and perseverance unto victory, as important elements in the natural disposition of the German, which, in many ways, complete and imply each other.

"The second movement should conduct the hearer to the chase with the *men* in the German forest, where the horn sounds loud and clear; then lead him, to the gay sound of national songs, with the *youths and maidens* in their merry walks through the fields rich with harvests.

"In the third movement, the composer would invite us to the homes and firesides of his countrymen, which seem to him hallowed by the chaste Muses, and the faithful love of wife and children. But these cheering aspects no longer present themselves when the tone-poet directs his glance to another side of the German national life.

"In the fourth movement, are described repeated attempts for the unity of the fatherland, which are frustrated by a hostile power. The composer has introduced in this movement, as a symbol of the condition of his country, a melody which is known wherever Germans live, "What is the German's Fatherland" (*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*.)

"In the fifth movement the poet does not attempt to suppress the melancholy with which he is filled by the want of unity in his country. But hope now draws near, and led by her, he sees with longing and prophetic eyes a new and victorious uprising of his country in unity and majesty."

This Symphony was begun late in the summer of 1859, after the peace of Villafranca, and was ready for publication in 1861, when the attention of the composer was called to the fact that the Society of "Musik-Freunde," of the Austrian Em-

pire, had offered a prize for the best Symphony which should be sent to them. He was encouraged by many to send this work to compete for the prize, and it was preferred by the judges to any other of the thirty-two symphonies which were submitted to them. The composition was publicly performed at Vienna on the 22d of February, 1863, and was received with great applause by a large and critical audience.

I shall not here enter into a minute analytical detail of the beauties and defects of this unusually large scores which occupied an hour and twenty minutes in performance; it will be sufficient for me to say, at present, that it is a work of uncommon merit both as regards conception and technical execution. Each movement presents many interesting points, and the composer has not been sparing of his contrapuntal resources; on the contrary, he has been rather too lavish in the exercise of them and, heaping detail upon detail, has spun the movements to an excessive length, which is in some measure injurious to the effect of the meritorious composition. But, if we consider how difficult and ungrateful a task it is for the composer of our days to accomplish anything remarkable in this form, while he has to endure a comparison with such predecessors as Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, we must allow that Raff has been on the whole successful; and we will hope that a composer who has been capable of doing so much will in the future do yet more. The instrumentation is, throughout, fine, and in many places remarkably original.

Another novelty to our audience was Beethoven's Concerto. This is a work that is rarely heard, on account of the difficulty of finding three efficient artists for the solo parts. It is not a work of such calibre as his violin or some of the piano-forte concertos; but it bears the noble Beethoven stamp throughout.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, whose appearance was a welcome one to her many old friends and admirers, sang the Gluck Aria with fine expression; but we must make some objection to the changes which she made, not only in the tempo, but also in the notes of the morceau; it is in itself so perfect, so simply beautiful, that any change is for the worse. In the Rossini aria, Miss Philipps displayed uncommon bravura execution; her fine and open trill is especially remarkable. This lady is too seldom heard in public; we have here very few singers of equal ability.

Mr. Max Strakosch has produced his "lately imported artists" (to use the very commercial language of some of our daily papers): the lady violoncellist, and the gentleman pianist, in three or four concerts here, and then in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, we believe; you will probably hear them soon in Boston also. The lady (Mlle. de KATOW) produces a clear, but weak tone from her instrument; her execution is not remarkable, and she shines best in light sentimental compositions. Mr. WEHLI's principal merit consists in uncommon technical facility with his left hand. He is of the Thalberg school, but is decidedly behind that leader in finish and correctness; and his performance of the few good compositions to be found in his public repertoire is by no means a good interpretation.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" was brought out last week before a large audience at the Academy. The opera has made a favorable impression on our habitués, and promises to have a successful "run." It presents many points of dramatic interest, and more repetitions and reminiscences. The plot is heavy and improbable, and the whole work exceedingly long, not to say tiresome. In my next I will give a more detailed account; the artists were not all in the best voice on the first representation, nor did the whole go off so smoothly as it will on a future performance.

Here is the programme of MASON and THOMAS's third soirée of Chamber Music:

- Quartet, String, (D minor).....Haydn.  
 Trio, Piano, (F, Op. 80).....Schumann.  
 Quartet, String, (F minor, Op. 95).....Beethoven.

LANCELOT.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27.—The Third of the WOLFSOHN and THOMAS soirées was given on Saturday evening, Feb. 25. The following was the programme:

1. Sonate. [G major, op. 96] Piano and Violin..... Beethoven.
  2. Fantasia. [Robert le Diable]..... Liszt.
  3. Sonate. [Trille du Diable] Violin..... Tartini.
  4. Quintet [E flat maj. op. 44] Piano and Strings..... Schumann.
- Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas, Roggenburger, Kammerer, and Ahrend.

There was a fair attendance though the weather was very unpropitious. I can only refer in general terms to the concert, in remarking that, as usual with these gentlemen, there was little to complain of and much to commend.

The Liszt fantasia on "Robert" is one of the most difficult of the great pianists' productions, but Mr. Wolfsohn has bravely mastered it, and reproduced its effects with considerable skill.

On the afternoon of the same day, the Germania Society, which has shown considerable enterprise since the assumption of the baton by Mr. SCHMITZ, performed the "Heroic" Symphony of Beethoven, entire. It was creditably produced for a "Rehearsal;" there was a noticeable lack of strings, and this deficiency frequently interfered with a just rendering of this majestic work. It is scarcely fair, however, to criticize such a performance in the same spirit that we might a regular Orchestral Concert, where the price of admission is fourfold that of a Germania ticket.

For one, I think that there is such a thing as getting and giving music too cheaply. "Selling most cheap what is most dear;" there are people under present circumstances not to be enumerated on one's fingers, who do not value music enough to pay for it what it is really worth. These individuals make the Hall a resort for gossip of a Saturday afternoon, and sadly interfere with one's enjoyment and comfort. An advance in the price of tickets would undoubtedly suggest to these the propriety of discontinuing their patronage; at the same time the Society could afford to employ an increased force, and succeed in performing their selections with that carefulness and attention to detail, the want of which we have so often occasion to regret.

The Grover German Opera Company have been producing the items of their repertoire in the most negligent and shabby manner. Everything has gone wrong since the opening night, there being some inexcusable shortcomings on every occasion.

At the Fourteenth Matinée of the Philadelphia Quintet Club, the following pleasant programme was presented.

1. Quartet, No. 5, in A major..... Beethoven.
  2. Etude. C Minor..... Chopin.
  3. Quintet. B flat major..... Mozart.
- MERCUTIO.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Orchestra's correspondent, Feb. 6th, writes:

The third concert of the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire" was given yesterday, with the following programme:

- |                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Symphonie en Si bémol.            | Beethoven   |
| Ave verum.                        | Halevy      |
| Concerto en Sol mineur.           | Mendelssohn |
| Finale du 2me Acte de La Vestale. | Spontini    |
| Overture de Zampa.                | Herold      |

Monsieur Georges Hainl conducted. Beethoven's Symphony, the fourth he wrote, was well executed by the orchestra, and Halevy's Ave Verum for two soprani soli and chorus produced a very great effect and was deservedly applauded. The soloists were Mdlle. Marie Sax and Madame Barthe-Banderli. Mendelssohn's splendid concerto in G minor served to introduce M. Louis Diémer, a young pianist of great promise. The rest of the concert was a decided failure. Mdlle. Marie Sax, who sang the soprano in the finale of "La Vestale," seems to have successfully studied in a school whose aim appears to be the serious cultivation of what Mozart bitterly called

"un uolo Francese," (a French yell). When she acknowledges to the Grand Prêtre that she has broken her vows, she gives her confession "mouth" in such a violent manner that M. Belval, her partner, seemed quite astounded; and instead of upbraiding a despairing culprit in a manner befitting the dignity of his position and the depth of his voice, seemed to be timidly expostulating with a virago of the première catégorie. The public were extremely ill-natured during the whole concert.

The Théâtre Italien has got into difficulties with Madame Veuve Scribe, who has brought an action against M. Bagier, to prevent him performing "La Sonnambula," "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "Un Ballo in Maschera," on the ground that these pieces are translations of "La Sonnambula," "Le Philtre," and "Gustave III.," all three written by her late husband. The decision of the judges was in favor of Madame Scribe, but M. Bagier appeals, and until the final judgment is given, the pieces will be played as usual. "La Sonnambula" is announced for to-night with Brignoli as Elvino, and a slight change has been made in the title of the opera, which is now baptized "La Villanella Sonnambula."

M. Valentino, who for some years shared with Habeneck the post of chef d'orchestre at the Opera has just died at Versailles at the age of seventy-eight. He was highly esteemed by all the musicians placed under his direction, and had the reputation of being one of the best conductors of his day. He was the originator of the "Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique," which he founded in 1836. These concerts were given in a large hall situated in Rue St. Honoré, and which still bears the name of Salle Valentino; but has fallen from its high estate, and is now used as a Casino. The concerts were given daily, and the price of admission was a franc. The programme included a symphony, generally by Beethoven, and the best overtures and instrumental soli, performed by such artists as Remusat, (flute), Seligman and Deloffre, (violins), Veroust, (hautbois), Jancour, (bassoon), &c. The public of that day were not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate and encourage the Valentino's efforts to cultivate a taste for good music, and, being made too soon, the attempt was an utter failure. Twenty-five years later, a gentleman who at that time held the modest rank of kettle-drummer in Valentino's orchestra, succeeded in turning to good account his former conductor's ideas, and M. Pasdeloup, at the Cirque Napoleon, is every week reaping what his predecessor had sown. His seventh concert (2nd series) was given yesterday, Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," and Beethoven's in C minor, and the Freyschütz being the principal morceaux.

At the Opera, "Roland" and "Motsé" keep their places on the bills. The rehearsals of "L'Africaine" are progressing rapidly, and are conducted with the greatest secrecy; even the artists in the cast seem to know but little of the piece, with the exception of their own scenes; they are called from the foyer when they are wanted, and are not allowed to stand at the wings. I hear great things of a scene on board ship in the third act, which is said to be something marvellous.

At the Opéra Comique, "Le Capitaine Henriot" is highly successful; the last receipts are officially announced as amounting to 7,482 francs (nearly £300). This is satisfactory, but astonishing; for the Opéra Comique, standing-room taken into consideration, is supposed to hold when crammed to suffocation about 7,000 francs.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, we have had "L'Aventurier," "Mireille" and "Faust." Verdi's "Macbeth" and Mozart's "Mystères d'Isis" ("Die Zauberflöte"), are in rehearsal.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1865.

MUSICIANS' UNION BENEFIT FUND. The musicians of Boston, members of the various orchestras and bands, have formed a league of mutual interest and kindness, under the name of the "Boston Musicians' Union." One of their first objects is to establish a fund for the benefit of sick and needy musicians; and all the friends of music, all who reflect how hard the work and poor the pay of most of those who live by making music for us, all whose hearts have ever been lightened, and whose lives sweetened by their instrumentality, will wish a hearty God-speed to

this enterprise, and feel it a happiness to help it so far as in them lies. Surely there are few, of those who profit either outwardly or inwardly by "the divine Art," who cannot afford to contribute one day's income to this fund. The example has been set in the quarter of large incomes: are there not plenty who will follow? Who grudges a day's work for a sick friend, or a sick stranger, or for any noble cause, or even any hobby? A poor man's day's work is a larger contribution than the rich man's check for tens and hundreds. Many a hard day's work has many a poor musician (sometimes worthy of the name of artist too) been contributing to the general fund of social good cheer, harmony and health. Now it is our turn.

The special object of these remarks just now is, to call attention to the concert to be given at the Boston Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening, by the united musicians (instrumental) of our city, to establish the nucleus for the Fund proposed. It will be in many respects, apart from its fraternal purpose, a concert of peculiar interest, quite unprecedented here. It will be a very large concert, and the word "Grand" for once is used with some significance. The instrumental combination, which has been announced to number 150 performers, includes the Orchestral Union, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, the Boston Theatre Orchestra, the Museum Orchestra, Gilmore's Band, the Brigade Band, and even the leading orchestras of white negro-minstrel-dom. Moreover, volunteer aid is contributed by the "Orpheus Musical Society," Mr. A. KREISSMANN conductor; by Mrs. J. S. CARY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who will each sing an air from *Elijah*; and by Mr. B. J. LANG, who will play an "Andante and Capriccio," for the piano, by Mendelssohn. The whole under the direction of CARL ZERRAİN.

The programme, otherwise, is rich. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and great *Leonora* Overture will be played, and by an orchestra of such proportions as Boston never yet has furnished of its own means:—think of nine double-basses, fifteen or more first violins, and as many second; when it comes to cellos and violas, alas! the proportion cannot be kept up, poor little Boston has them not; but there will be no lack of trumpets, horns, trombones and clarionets. This metallic wealth is wisely made available in the production of certain pieces of effect music, such as Wagner's *Rienzi* overture, Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz* (torch dance), and an arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March. It cannot be expected that the orchestral renderings will be perfect; but many passages will be uncommonly imposing, and there will be some effects which we shall rarely have an opportunity of appreciating.

Unfortunately this has to be called a "Sacred Concert," otherwise it could not be given at all. It is the fault of the law, and not of the musicians. They can only give their concert on a Sunday evening, because the most of them are bound to service in the theatres on every other evening of the week. Properly speaking, and in sober verity, all good music is sacred, inasmuch as it springs from, expresses, and appeals to the purest emotions, and, more than any words, it is the native language of the religious sentiment. No music, at least no instrumental music, can be the opposite of sacred, can be sinful, hypocritical, selfish, viciously seductive, morally corrupt or corrupt-



ing, tempting a soul to hide its face from God. Common sense has long since settled it, that a Sunday evening may be more sacredly spent with pure and noble music, such as has no associations with any levity, than in that negative abstinence from all spontaneous life and occupation, which is mere mental and moral inanition and vacuity, and which is in the majority of cases the whole result of what is called literally and strictly keeping the Sabbath. But the old Puritan law is not yet wiped from the statute book, and some less of that sour old public opinion yet linger in the cask. The letter of the law still prohibits all public entertainments, except Sacred Concerts, on Sundays; the only effect of it is, a direct premium on humbug and lying. Music we must have; society demands it; they that furnish it are compelled to lie, and announce their symphonies, their overtures, their organ miscellanies, their Italian operatic "gems" as "sacred" concerts! And no old Puritan starts up out of his grave to question the rightfulness of such use of the adjective. Let us purify ourselves of all this sham! Let us join hands, every music lover, let us shout it into the ears and conscience of the fathers, let us fill the newspapers with it, let us preach it from the pulpits, let us memorialize the General Court, and get this foolish, this unjust lie abolished!

In the present case, however, the charitable and fraternal end may well be deemed to make it a "Sacred" Concert. Some of the holiest of music, too, is in its programme. We are glad to hear that there has been a great demand for tickets, and we trust no music-lover will neglect it. Let it be, as we have no doubt it will, a great success; encourage the musicians; this is one of the best ways to make the music better in our city in the times to come. ]

**THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY FRY.**—Those who are curious to know what musical productions sprung from the ever active brain and pen of this eccentric and (in his life, if not in his music) original and brilliant individual, and what claims of musical genius and musicianship are made for him by his intimate friends and admirers, will read with interest a contribution in another column. Of course in publishing it, it is impossible that we should endorse its opinions. In spite of radical differences of taste and conviction with Mr. Fry, which we have often in times past had occasion to express, we print the article, not because what little of his music we have heard or seen has seemed to us to show genius or originality; but because we feel in duty bound to grant a hearing to claims, so strongly urged, which we have not the means of settling to our satisfaction; and more, because of the esteem in which we have long held Mr. Fry, personally, knowing him to be a man of many generous and noble qualities, thoroughly independent and above all moral cowardice, genial, sincere and charming among friends, filled with a great enthusiasm and reverence for Art, if not for its conventional idols, indignant that meaner, worldier, more bustling and selfish faculties should overshadow and crowd out the priests and ministers of the Ideal. To all this, and to his brilliant and intensely active mental powers, displayed in conversation, action, speech and writing, we would fain pay an humble and sad tribute.

Reports of some of Mr. Fry's Lectures on Music will be found in one of the earliest volumes of our Journal (1853).

**CORRECTION.**—In our account of the late "Choral Festival" our memory (not seldom muddled by the

medley of all sorts of music which it is our doom to hear and try to recall and write about perhaps weeks afterwards) betrayed us once. We were mistaken in saying that interludes were not played between the lines in the singing of the Choral; *Ein feste Burg*. No sooner had we got it into print than the sound of the thing came floating back upon our mind, and behold, there were pauses (of an instant only) of the voices, filled by the overlapping of the figurative organ phrases. This is not worse than the mistake of another critic (writing in a newspaper) who says that it was sung "with Bach's harmony," when it was sung in unison. Our types, too, were sometimes treacherous; for instance, where we wrote "the trumpet ring" of Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," we were made to say "the trumpeting!"

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—The sixth Afternoon Concert was postponed to last Wednesday, as Washington's Birthday claimed the Music Hall on the 22nd ult. The audience was large, intelligent, and remarkably attentive to the execution of the following programme;

Overture to Oberon.....Weber.  
Waltz "Promotionen,".....Strauss.  
Third Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn.  
[First time in Four Years.]  
Sonata arranged for Orchestra.....Elisoldt.  
Finale from Der Freischütz.....Weber.  
Overture to the Comic Opera of La Sirene.....Auber.

Oberon's wonder-horn had lost none of its magic, nor Mendelssohn's Symphony any of its sea-shore, weird Scotch charm; it was a timely and a happy revival. Our wonder always is that our little orchestra can render us so much of the life of these good things.

Next Wednesday the Orchestra are again obliged to omit the concert; but on the following Wednesday, March 15, they will play Liszt's "Preludes," and what that lacks of being a symphony will be made good, we doubt not, in the performance of Mendelssohn's admirable Violin Concerto by Mr. HENRY SUCK,—his first appearance as a soloist since his return from studies in Europe.

**MUSIC HALL ORGAN.** The Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and Sunday evening concerts are still continued, and with a goodly number of listeners, whenever the weather is inviting. The organists of the past month have been Mrs. Frohock, Mr. Whiting, Dr. Tackerman, Mr. J. K. Paine, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Lang and Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Paine's return to the organ has been most welcome to the lovers of real organ music, and both he and his master, Bach, are gaining ground even with many who make no pretention to classical taste or knowledge. He has played thrice during the month. Bach has been pretty largely represented in the whole course of concerts. Mrs. Frohock and Mr. Whiting, also, have each played three times, and always very acceptably. A more particular review we hope to give in our next.

### Review.

*Album-Blätter*, by CARL WOLFSOHN. (G. André & Co., Philadelphia.)—These six little pieces for the piano, "Album Leaves," show such delicate and true musical feeling as is not very often found in the "original" compositions published in this country. Several of the ideas are happy, and the structure and the general tone artistic. In character they vary with their titles. "*Vergissmännicht*" (Forget me not) is quiet and sustained; "*Sehnsucht*" (Longing), slow and as its name suggests; "*Hoffnung*" (Hope) is sunny, clear and lively, pleasing, if not particularly original; "*Abschied*" (Farewell) breathes out its song slowly, feelingly and tranquilly, the accompanying chords being at length reflected up above the melody into the aerial octaves. "*Trauer*" (Grief) is very slow and melancholy, and, we fear, a little harsh

and unwinsome in some of its harmonic steps. "*Trost*" (Consolation), mystical and tender, is perhaps the best.

1. *Inquietude*; 2. *Eloge*; 3. *La Belle Americaine*, by KARL MERZ (Nos. 1 and 2, published by G. D. Russell & Co., Boston; No. 3, by S. Brainerd & Co., Cleveland, O.)—Under these fanciful titles are separately printed three movements of a regular piano-forte Sonata, marked Op. 50! We wonder, if all the 49 preceding *opera* have been equally classical in form. The first Allegro ("*Inquietude*"), in C minor, after a short Andante preface, starts off *quasi Presto*, and is developed in a perfectly regular Sonata form. The example is worthy of praise, for such form is in itself interesting, although it is not a work of genius and the ideas are somewhat commonplace. But it is so much better than the thousand and one effect pieces which only aim at popularity! The Adagio has dignity and fullness, singing itself feelingly without running into poor sentimentality. The third movement (*Rondo Scherzando*) is in a brilliant bravura style, graceful and even genial, at least natural and pleasing, and not very difficult.

*The Vocalist's Companion*, by EDWARD B. OLIVER (O. Ditson & Co.).

Those who are acquainted with the history of Vocal Art have doubtless been interested in the remarkable career of the celebrated tenor Caffarelli, the elements of whose success were contained in a course of vocal exercises written by his master, Porpora, upon a single page of music paper. (See also "*Consuelo*"). The exercises of the *Vocalist's Companion*, with the accompanying instructions in *attaque*, *portamento*, *breathing*, &c., were received by the compiler from the celebrated chor-master Mieksch, of Dresden, by whom he was instructed, and who in his youth received the same exercises from his master, a pupil of Porpora. A suitable accompaniment has been adapted to them by Mr. Oliver, and their faithful, daily practice will prove a broad and firm foundation for whatever farther exercises may be desirable, and for the continued development and strengthening of the vocal organs. They fill a place unoccupied by other studies for the voice, and the oral instructions are here given fully for the first time in the English language, and will be appreciated by those who, remembering the fine style of Sontag, Lind, and Laborde, desire to follow in their footsteps.

There is trouble among Mr. Grover's operatic colony now in Philadelphia. Formes declines to sing, and thus necessitates the sudden changing of the opera. Besides this, "*The Jewess*" was given the other night with the part of *Eleazar*—the leading tenor role—omitted. Grover has issued a card in which he lays down these axioms:

"Opera is an exotic, or sensitive plant, of a peculiar and embarrassing nature. The illness, the indisposition, or the absence, from any cause, of any one of the numerous artists incidental to the cast of a grand opera, necessitates insurmountably a change. To direct grand opera for a considerable length of time, with any other path of preferment and profit open, is to merit—and most likely to receive—incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

"Especially is this the case in America, where the public regards with jealous eyes the slightest deviation from the public announcement."

Mr. Grover then announces a performance to which all the disappointed auditors of the previous incomplete representation will be admitted gratis.—*Eve. Post.*

GOTTSCALK appears to be in a melancholy mood, in spite of orders. During his present concert tour (that "farewell" tour that has been going on a year or two) his programmes bear this lugubrious "card":

"To my friends and the public:

"On the eve of my departure from this country—my native land—the land of my earliest affections—I feel that I must express my heartfelt regrets on parting with the public, whose kindness has sustained me throughout my public career. To all my friends, who have given me so many proofs of warm interest, I bid a fond farewell. The clouds that conceal the future are transparent and bright only in the morning of life. I have already come to the age when they show more deceptions than joys. Even, as I say to you all, farewell, methinks a distant echo faintly answers 'adieu!' A last, a long—farewell."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Sentinel* of Feb. 8, describes the inauguration of the new hall of the Milwaukee Musical Society,—a hall of which it is said that larger cities might be proud. The exercises were opened by John Nazro, Esq., who gave a brief sketch of music in Milwaukee, from the time when the Musical Society numbered sixteen persons, to the present time when it numbered over six hundred. He was followed by G. W. Allen, Esq., who spoke glowingly of the kindred inspirations of architecture and music. Then came a performance by the Musical Society (chorus and orchestra numbering 150 persons) of Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul," Mr. Abel conducting.

The opening chorus showed satisfactorily the excellent drill of the singers; every sound in the vast body was exactly responsive to the wave of the conductor's baton. With one or two slight exceptions this perfection of discipline was observable throughout the oratorio. The choriness of the Hebrews, "Now this man," and "stone him to death!" were given with the utmost possible energy and exactness. The chorus of gentiles "O be gracious," is one of the best numbers of the whole piece—we think the most effective of them all. The instrumentation, always matchless with Mendelssohn, is here particularly interesting.

The solo parts were taken: Paul, by Mr. Neymann; Stephen, Mr. Jacob; and the two sopranos by Misses Babcock and Kavanagh; the mezzo soprano by Miss Brandeke. Miss Babcock created a more marked sensation than she had ever done before, being warmly applauded. Miss Kavanagh sustained her former reputation. The others elicited considerable applause. Mr. Neymann has some excellent lower notes, and sang with a good deal of style. His aria "O God have mercy upon me," was decidedly good.

Before the oratorio was concluded, some of the "cream" rose and left the hall, somewhat to the detriment of the final chorus, which is a fit climax to a composition so grand. The extreme length of the performance—some three hours—was doubtless the excuse for this untimely *emene*.

Mr. Hans Balatka of Chicago, well known to all old residents of Milwaukee as the father of the Musical Society, and for many years its honored leader, was present, having come from Chicago for that purpose. Mr. Balatka expressed himself highly pleased with the chorus and general ensemble of the oratorio.

We have also the impressions of an anonymous correspondent after the same festival, of which the following choice specimen will suffice:

"The extreme length of the performance detracted somewhat from the merits of the composition" [indeed], "while an opera [!], which might have been given with no more expense attending, would have made a better impression. However, as the oratorio is better than nothing [!] I hope to see it repeated."

ST. LOUIS.—The programme of the third Philharmonic Concert (Jan. 3.), E. Sobolewski conductor, was as follows:—Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony; Recit. angel Trio and Chorus from *Elijah*; Introduction and Scene from "*Jeanne d'Arc*," for male voices, by C. K. Weber; Overture to *Olympia* by Spontini; Chorus: "O fly with me," Sobolewski; aria: "*La Potenza d'Amore*," Tadolini; Chapel scene and Finale from *Masaniello*.

The fourth concert (Feb 16), offered Schumann's B-flat Symphony (first movement only); overtures to *Oberon* and to the *Poet and Peasant* (Suppe); a violin solo; a male Quartet by Kreutzer; Beethoven's *Hallelujah* chorus; Finale (vocal) from the 1st act of Cherubini's *Wassertrager*; Entr' act and chorus from 2nd act of the *Huguenots*.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A Philharmonic Society has been organized in the "golden gate" city. It is an association of professional musicians (instrumentalists), for "mutual improvement and the advancement of the interests of the Art," and proposes series of subscription concerts, like other Philharmonic societies, in which the "works of the great masters" will be produced. The first concert took place at Platt's new Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon,

Jan. 11, with the following programme:—Inauguration March, composed expressly for this concert, G. Kopitz; Overture—"Egmont," Beethoven; Scene and Aria from "Der Freischütz, Weber, Mlle. Louisa Tourny; Symphony—"Jupiter," Mozart; Overture—"Poet and Peasant," Suppe; Hymen's Feier Klaenge, Lanner; Cavatina—"I Lombardi," Verdi, Mlle. Louisa Tourny; Grand Potpourri—"Paganini in China," Massak; Finale—Gallop, Faust.

ANOTHER GREAT ORGAN.—The Messrs. Hook, the celebrated organ builders of this city, have contracted with the trustees of the Plymouth Church, (Henry Ward Beecher's), N. Y., to build them an organ of the largest dimensions, and to be of superior tone, compass and power. The contract price is \$20,000, and the instrument to be finished by the 1st of January, 1866.—*Boston Post*.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Messiah" was performed in Mechanics' Hall about the first of February, by the Mozart Society, in aid of the Soldiers' Relief Society. The great Organ furnished the accompaniments. The *Palladium* says:

"Among the noticeable features of the evening's performance were Mr. Thayer's playing, previous to the oratorio, of Bach's Fugue in G minor, (No. 2), which was substituted for the overture to the *Messiah*; his performance of the Pastoral Symphony, and other points of interest in the oratorio; Mr. Whitney's excellent rendering of the ponderous bass-solos, which are seldom sung well; Miss Fiske's singing of the leading soprano airs; Mrs. Munroe's of the contralto solos.

The same Society are rehearsing the "Creation" for Fast Day.

"Stella" utters a mild complaint about the musical situation in these words:

In music this winter we have stood still, under the shadow of the great Organ. The experience of Boston, a year ago, gave us warning that such would be our fate; but in our joy to possess so noble an instrument, we accepted the future calmly; more especially as, in those first weeks of *Organic* excitement, we did have several first-class concerts, with real organ music that did one's heart good to hear—so far "up country," too! But—how much lies in that three-lettered stumbling block of a word! then came the sober reality, if not of an "organ-debt," of something very much like it, for the Mechanics' Association had incurred considerable expense in altering and repairing their Hall for the instrument, and were looking to the tuneful guest to pay its board-bill. In a word it was found advisable to have its harmonious "notes" convertible into "green-backs;" and so, however many of the Association regretted the necessity, it was decreed that the concert-field for the season should be leased to the Association *alone*. A series of concerts was projected in connection with one of our choral societies, and the consequence is that we are having the best music that can be furnished at such short notice, but not such as we trust another winter will bring to us. We have not a word to say against this series of concerts; we only deplore the necessity that shuts us out from all other music. When the series is finished—and we hope its pecuniary result will be satisfactory—then may this "winter of discontent" be made "a glorious summer," and the Hall and its Organ be opened to any and all who have music to offer worthy of the place!

Prince Poniatowski's "*L'Aventurier*" has been produced at the Lyrique, Paris; the libretto by M. de Saint Georges. The story is founded on one of the victories which France has acquired in the Mexican campaign. Rossini, Mme. Walewski, Mlle. Hausmann, and Augustine Brohans, Vicome Darce, and Count Tallyrand-Perigord, Auber, and Gounod were present. The piece was an acknowledged success.

All reports from Berlin chronicle the repeated success of Mr. Charles Adams. He has recently been playing *Manrico* in the "*Travatore*"—the part, by the way, in which he stood his *Probegastspiel*, or dramatic examination, at the time when the General-intendant engaged him. The *Manrico* is peculiarly suited to Mr. Adams's voice, and we are not surprised at the impression he has made in it. At a late Court concert, at which Mr. Adams, Herren Woworski, Betz, Salomon, and Ole Bull and Damen Lucca, De Ahna, and Ariot appeared, their Majesties summoned Mr. Adams and felicitated him in the most flattering terms.—*Orchestra*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Arrow and the Song. M. W. Balfe. 40

A poem by Longfellow, with just the right music for it. The musician and the poet march well together.

What does little birdie say? Cradle Song. J. H. McNaughton. 30

The words are by Tennyson, who has composed a charming little nursery song,—not so easy a thing to do as you might think. The music is very sweet.

Up with the flag of the stripes and the stars! T. H. Howe. 30

A stirring patriotic lay.

Four sacred quartets, arranged from Beethoven.

A. Davenport.

No. 1. Trust in God. Sopr. solo and quartet 30

2. O Lord, veil not thy face. 50

Quartet choirs, and quartets in choirs, will certainly be pleased with these pieces, which are arranged with great taste and skill. They have been already tried by good singers, and are not found wanting.

Love me, darling, love me long. Song. O. E. Dodge. 30

It is a pleasure to praise this really fine song; the more so, as Mr. D.'s extreme modesty and diffidence may prevent him from bringing its merits properly before the public. Decidedly good.

### Instrumental.

Dolorsolatio Waltz. By W. Miller. 60

This composition (whose name one may possibly speak in one breath), is a sparkling one, containing among other things, "The Perfect Cure," and one or two other favorites, a fragment of a song about the famous Dolorsolatio, &c., and is, altogether, quite a taking piece.

God bless the Prince of Wales. Brinley Richards. 50

Mr. R. has introduced a number of agreeable variations on the new national air, none of them difficult, and the whole good for practise or performance.

Rappelle Toi. Bagatelle de Salon. G. Forbes. 30

A piece of no great difficulty, with a good, flowing melody, and a few measures of sparkling arpeggios.

The Russian Polka, arranged as a rondo, by F. Beyer. 30

A well-known Russian air, but newly and capably arranged, in rondo form. Moderately easy, and excellent for learners.

Slumber Song, for Piano. S. Heller. 20

One of the prettiest of lullaby songs.

Extravaganza Galop. C. Coote. 30

As its name denotes, rattling and brisk in character, but not difficult.

### Books.

ELI. An Oratorio. Words selected and written by William Bartholemew. Music by Michael Costa. Cl. \$2.50 Paper, \$2.00

Eli was first performed at the Birmingham musical festival, in 1855. Without coming up to the level of the best works of the great masters it is new, meritorious, interesting, and, most of it, not especially difficult. Perhaps it will just fit the capacity of a number of our musical societies.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



